

Challenger

by Veno

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Summary: Some little spaztic girl thinks that she can take on the Master Chief in a duel. No sane human would challenge the Master Chief in one on one combat, so what secrets does this girl have? 10 years after halo2, OC with very special abilities.

## 1. The Most Annoying Person Alive

Disclaimer: Own Halo, I do not.

Warning: This fic isn't incredibly well written (let's just say I can do better). I'm in the middle of a severe sugar buzz right now, so don't hate too much. Please read this chapter, as it'll have you set up for the next. There will probably be only three at most. The next chapter(s) will be much better than this, as I will actually think about what I'm typing. Reviews as well as your time will be much appreciated. Also, this chapter is stupid. But essential. Maybe.

### Chapter 1: Nimori Nagase- The Most Annoying Person on the Ship

"Hey Chief!" The seven foot tall officer kept walking. "Chief! Wait up!" A young woman, probably not old enough to legally be in the UNSC, ran to catch up with him. He barely suppressed a groan of anguish as she matched his stride when she was by his side. However, he wasn't able to keep from shooting a quick glare at her. And she just happened to catch it.

"Well that's rude," she scolded childishly.

"Let me guess, you're sixteen," MC said coldly.

"No, I'm Nimori Nagase," she replied happily. John stared at her, genuinely confused at not only her stupidity, but also her positive attitude. Then he noticed how snug her pants fit around her hips and legs, and how much of her chest her open shirt showed off. She had a pretty face, with dark brown eyes and black hair that came down just

below her shoulders, which was almost past regulation length.

"You... are an idiot," he stated simply.

"And you ... are a-" she cut off as she noticed him staring. "Are you checking me out?"

"See? Look at that. You just proved my point," he responded as he looked away. And hid his embarrassment.

"Oh yeah, that's right. You Spartans were ... removed ...of any kind of sex drive right?" He glared at her. "That's okay, you're really not that attractive anyway."

"Do you have anything important to say?" MC asked calmly, covering his shock.

"Yeah, I wanted to find out if you were willing to spar with me," she said innocently, her enthusiasm not in the slightest bit diminished. The Spartan burst out into hysterical laughter before he realized it.

A couple of minutes later, after deciding that he didn't want to laugh anymore, the MC straightened up and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"That's pretty funny," he said with some of his laughter still complicating his speech.

"I'm being serious," Nimori pouted. MC looked back over her 4'8" frame and almost started laughing again. "You're checking me out again." she whined.

"Fine. Get whatever weapons you want and whoever you want and we'll get this out of the way," he answered finally. She shrieked in delight and jumped up to throw her arms around his neck. After hanging for a couple of seconds, she dropped down and ran off down the hall.

"Crazy little kid," he muttered after being stunned at her childishness for a moment.

"Oh yeah! Hey Chief!" The Chief turned around, a death glare in his eyes and one eye twitching uncontrollably. "I forgot to tell you to wear your armor! You'll need it and besides, you're too pale to go without it!" He turned on his heel and strode away fuming.

—

'Haha! I finally\_ get to see how good this guy really is!' \_Nimori thought to herself as she sprinted towards her best friend's quarters.

\_finallyNimori thought to herself as she sprinted towards her best friend's quarters.

"I get to fight Master Chief!" she shouted gleefully, earning her confused looks from the personnel in the halls. And the people that poked their heads out of their rooms.

## 2. It's Gettin Deep

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo. Nor do I own at Halo. Really and truly, Halo is not mine. Nor do I claim it to be.

A/N: I know this update severely overdue, but I just never did come back to this fic. Anyway, read, review, and hopefully you won't have to wait forever for the next update.

### Chapter 2: In Too Deep

Master Chief found himself buried in a hail of punches, his Spartan reflexes keeping him dodging \_just\_ fast enough to keep from catching a small fist in his face. He grabbed the outstretched arm as yet another punch sped for his jaw. Even as he spun to throw the girl to the opposite side of the boxing ring they were fighting in, she somehow reversed his throw, sending him hard into the corner. Pain burned his back and air was forced from his lungs when he so ungracefully fell into a heap in the corner.

"How the hell is this little girl so damn strong?!" he growled after he wiped a bit of blood from the corner of his mouth.

Meanwhile, the slim teenager bounced lightly on her toes on the other side of the ring totally undisturbed. So far the Spartan hadn't managed to land a single blow and was beginning to tire slightly. Nimori still looked fresh, lacking a single bead of sweat and didn't even appear to breathe heavy. But since most of the shots she'd managed to land were counters, John decided that he'd been expending all of his energy against himself thus far.

"Come on Chief! You don't have to hold back anymore," Nimori said happily. The Spartan grunted in response and pulled himself back to his feet. His opponent's face lit up with an eager grin as she settled down into a more stable stance.

\_Okay, so she has more than a passing knowledge of martial arts,\_ he said to himself as he cracked his knuckles. She had proved herself to be beyond the tricks he'd learned to easily upset the balance of inexperienced fighters. Furthermore, she was faster than any human he'd seen. Not as fast as a Spartan of course, but much more than he'd expected. Her reflexes were beyond anything he'd seen, which was bad considering that she seemed to have a fixation on painful joint locks. He didn't care to count the number of useless limbs he would have if it wasn't for his reinforced bones and augmented muscles.

"You're better than I expected Nimori, but still not quite good enough," he said confidently as he walked towards her. A slight chuckle came from the girl.

"We'll see about that."

She dashed forward and sent a roundhouse kick at the Chief's face. He easily leaned back and let the blow sail through the empty space just in front of his nose. Once the kick had passed, he reached out and gave her a shove that put her on her backside.

"Try again." She glared up at him indignantly before a smile reclaimed her face again. That was certainly a beautiful smile she had. \_Wait a minute â€| what're you thinking you pedifile?!\_

The Chief's thoughts were interrupted as Nimori went back on the offensive. The teenager leapt high into the air and came down aiming to hit the Chief with her knee. Raising his hands over his head, John caught the lower half of Nimori's leg, but she wasn't ready to be countered just yet. She flipped back, planted her hands on the floor of the ring, and sent the Chief flying into the corner as she brought the rest of her body around to complete the backflip. At least, that was what she tried. The Spartan let her leg go and she ended up slamming it down into the floor, leaving a leg sized hole in the canvas. He was about to attack, but paused as the girl began pouting over her apparently hurt leg.

"Owwie! That really hurt!" she whined. She appeared to be on the verge of tears, but as she looked up at the Chief, her brilliant smile returned to her face. "You're just as good as I dreamed you would be!"

He blinked. That comment just seemed a little â€| awkward to him. Her smile was still just as genuine and innocent as ever, but he couldn't help but think that there was some sort of mischief behind that statement.

"Are you ready to give up yet?" he questioned, crossing his arms over his chest.

"What're you talking about? I haven't started yet!" And with that, she disappeared.

"Damn! Where'd she-!" Her uppercut jammed his mouth closed forcefully as it slammed into his face. The experienced super soldier ignored the pain and tried to retaliate, but the agile teenager was gone again before he could react. He spun around and caught a flash as she sped by. She was literally running circles around him, a mockery in itself. Suddenly she jumped up in his face from the side.

"HI CHIEF!!" she yelled merrily with a huge grin on her face. The Spartan, took a startled step back. The girl merely stood there and was apparently trying to blind him with her bright smile. Suppressing a curse, he sent a punch to her face and hit nothing but air. She was gone again.

"Dammitâ€| If you're gonna fight then fight me!" Master Chief yelled with pure anger making his voice harsh. Something told him he would regret saying that.

"Well, if you say soâ€|" The girl's voice seemed to come from every direction at once.

There was a pause for a moment before the beating commenced. She darted in, dashing by like lightning and landing quick strikes that hit like thunder. The force of her attacks was augmented by the high speed she was moving at, slamming into the Chief like a freight train. It was all he could do to keep his footing under the torrent he was getting hit with. He knew that if he did nothing, it would be lights out in maybe a minute. Leaving his body on autopilot, his mind ran through dozens of plans.

Chances were the inexperienced teenager that was so youthfully dashing around him was moving in a set pattern so as to keep her speed up. At the speed she was moving, even her reflexes would be too slow to evade any attack he directed towards her. If that attack connected, the results would be devastating. So all he had to do was figure out her pattern, then attack when she dashed in to hit him and the fight would be over.

He covered himself with his arms and tightened all the muscles in his body to minimize the damage being dealt to him. As he stared forward, he let his eyes become unfocused. When she dashed by, his unfocused eyes snapped to her. She appeared to be moving in short leaps, landing in one spot then using all of the strength in her legs to launch her towards her next destination. Luckily, one of the spots she landed at was straight in front of the Chief. Ignoring the dizziness that accompanied a particularly strong blow to the back of his head, he began counting the interval between when she landed in the spot in front of him. Naturally he didn't count using any numbers, but developed a sense of timing for the leap. His fine tuned ears picked out the other spots and soon he had her entire course mapped out. Now all he had to do was wait for the right time. A hard hit to his spine sent a spasm through his body that nearly saw him sprawled out on the floor. The experienced wardog realized that it was now or never. Letting his feel for the girl's timing guide him, he waited for a moment, then sent a sidekick in the direction that his back was facing an instant earlier.

The teenager doubled over his leg and blood spewed from her mouth as her dash brought her midsection straight into the Spartan's hard sidekick. He brought his foot back and Nimori dropped to the floor rolled into a ball and holding her middle. She coughed up some more blood onto the canvas and writhed pitifully on the floor. Her miserable groans penetrated the Chief's conscious and he began to wonder if he overdid it when her breathing slowed.

The soldiers that he'd totally forgotten had surrounded the ring were deathly silent. He didn't know why he noticed their silence, when he'd been ignoring their yells all fight long.

"Someone go get a doctor!" he yelled to the frozen soldiers. They remained where they stood, staring at the broken teenager on the floor of the ring. "NOW!" Marines scattered about, sparing the Chief and Nimori scared glances. Once a few runners had been sent to get help, Johnson climbed into the ring as the Chief knelt beside Nimori.

"I didn't think your old ass would be able to track me," she coughed, though that smile shone through her bloodied lips. Why couldn't she ever look at him without smiling?

"Are you okay Nimori?" the Chief asked worriedly. She began to laugh, but cut off abruptly as her body coughed more blood onto the canvas. "Calm down! You need to relax so that you don't hurt yourself any more than I've done for you."

"Wow Chief. It seems the cold hearted killer has a soft spot for sweet young pu-" Johnson cut off and raised his hands apologetically when the Spartan fixed him with an ice cold glare. The man was definitely wiser than anyone the Chief knew. He was always knew how

to cheer him up when it was possible, and knew to stay out of the way when it wasn't.

Turning his attention back to his admirer, the Chief reached out and pushed the hair back out of her face. She gasped slightly and looked up at him. Her expression softened and that damned heart-melting smile returned to her face.

"I'm sorry Nimori. I didn't mean to hurt you like this," he said softly as he tried not to look into her deep brown eyes.

"Don't flatter yourself Spartan." His eyes snapped to her's. That voice was that of a grown woman, not the girl that lay before him. "I'll be eating dinner with you tonight. If you don't mind of course." The last she tagged on with a soft chuckle.

Johnson took a breath to make a comment but the Chief tensed and that was all it took. While the Sergeant was quick to back down, it bothered the Chief that he was being so persistent. That would have to wait though. There were more important things to deal with.

"I think you should rest up before you start making plans to be up and around," he responded seriously.

"Chief, did you not hear me? I said that I'm just fi-!" As she tried to sit up, the super soldier's strong arm pinned her back down to the mat. Her eyes locked to his and that blasted smile got bigger. "Okay. Just don't be surprised when I come to see you later on."

Finally the doors opened to admit the medical personnel. They quickly gathered the teenager up and placed her on a stretcher before taking her off to the infirmary. The whole time she was staring straight at him with a â€| mischevious look in her eyes. Once the door shut behind the medical crew, Johnson came up behind the Chief and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Listen here son, you're over fifty, she's under twenty," the dark skinned man said gruffly.

"I know that Johnson," Chief answered more defensively than he'd intended. That wasn't a good sign and Johnson picked up on it immediately.

"That girl is nothing but trouble, and I don't just mean she's thirty years younger. I would tell you not to go getting involved with her, but that's just too much for you to handle." The Chief grunted dryly at the Sergeant's comment. Johnson went on as if he didn't notice. "Now, you're gonna come with me and I'm gonna teach you everything I know about dealing with women." The shorter man put a friendly arm on the Chief's shoulder and began heading towards the door but the Spartan shrugged his arm off.

"That won't be needed. I know what I'm doing."

"I don't remember giving you a choice Marine!" Johnson snapped, and for some reason, Master Chief went to attention. It was like boot camp all over again, and for some reason, Johnson was the superior in this situation. "Now, you're gonna come with me and learn how to deal with those devils called females! First thing you need to knowâ€|"

As they walked out of the gym, the Sergeant began pounding in things into the Chief's head that the Spartan really wasn't comfortable hearing.

### 3. A Small Favor

Disclaimer: me own no halo of existing in that it is. hAlo of one in that which is of owned by me that it is not.

#### Chapter 3: A Small Favor

"â€| and that, is all I have to teach you," Johnson concluded proudly. It was a moment before he noticed a sick feeling Master Chief with the tray containing his lunch pushed to the side and his head laid down in the crook of his arm. When he did notice, he put a hand on the Spartan's back. "You okay Chief?"

The super solider's head popped up quickly and he held his face in his hands.

"I'm fine." Johnson patted his back and got up.

"Since you've eaten, we need to get you dressed for your date tonight," the Sergeant laughed. At the mention of â€| that wordâ€| Master Chief was on his feet in an instant looming threateningly over his friend.

"I do not have a date! Now keep that kind of talk down before you get rumors started," he growled quietly. He hoped that the burning in his face wasn't his cheeks turning red. Judging from the smirk on the shorter man's face, he decided it was.

"Okay, it's not a date," the older man said with a smirk. "But you still have some work to do. You're as white as a ghost so you've already got a couple points against you. Now what we need to do for you is-"

"Um, thanks Sarge, but I'm gonna go check on Nimori now. I'll find you once I'm done and then you can â€| yeah. I'll talk to you later." Johnson kinda started to give something like a nod and the Spartan shot off like a rocket to get away from him. Nothing scared him more than Sergeant Johnson with a gun like Sergeant Johnson and fashion.

Once he was safely away from the mess hall, the Chief slowed to a more reasonable pace as he headed for the infirmary. Why was he going to the infirmary? It wasn't the friendly conflict that bothered him. He'd damn near killed three ODST's his first time working out after his augmentation and barely flinched. Maybe it was because she was a little girl and he wasn't accustomed to fighting women. Or it was possibly because the long period of peace had dulled his soldier's stoicism.

A little voice in the back of his head whispered. You're hornyâ€|\_

He shook his head in denial, but the voice persisted. You're a horny old soldierâ€| fifty year old virgin\_. He was mocking himself and

couldn't do a thing about it. It was useless trying to argue with his subconscious; it kicked his ass every time. But if he wasn't going to argue, then he was saying that he wanted to â€¦

The sight of the infirmary up ahead allowed him to cut off that very dangerous train of thought as he thought once more of Nimori's health. The way she doubled over his kick rather than just breaking in half was proof enough she was tougher than even the Helljumpers, but that much force would bring a Hunter to its knees. He doubted that even a singularity like her would be up and about by dinner time.

The door hissed open and admitted him into the room. It was comprised of four rows of beds, arranged into two aisles with the foot of the beds in one row facing those of the row opposite. There were a lot of beds, but most were vacant. Far in the back was a bed with the curtain drawn around it, so the Chief decided to start there. The nurses offered him help enthusiastically, all but grabbing his '/throat clears\' to get his attention. He gave them a polite verbal response with a serious look. Soon enough they realized he wasn't there for them.

He reached the back bed and drew the curtain back. Inside Nimori lay on the bed beneath a drab olive hospital blanket and another young girl sat in the chair beside the bed. This other girl was as small as Nimori was, looking as though she didn't reach five feet in height or one hundred pounds in weight. She had amber colored hair that didn't quite reach her shoulders, a small nose, full pouting pink lips, and light brown eyes. Her look was pleasing to the Spartan, though it was nothing like the attraction he imagined most men would feel when they looked at her.

"You!" she hissed when she saw him. "You did this asshole!" She jumped from her chair and began hammering away at his chest. But that didn't last long as his hard muscles hurt her delicate hands. She started slapping at his face but that ended the same way as before. She looked like she was about to resort to a fierce tongue lashing but Nimori sat up and the girl was back at her side in an instant.

"Lay back down Nimori. Even you need to rest sometimes you know." The girl took Nimori's hand and tenderly stroked it. The teenager shot a smile at the Chief before laying down again. This earned him a steely glare from the other girl.

"Come over here Chief so I can see you," Nimori instructed as she indicated a spot on the opposite side of the bed as her other visitor. "Chief, this is my best friend, Yuki Matsuda." He looked over to the girl and she smiled widely and bowed her head long enough to say "Nice to meet you," then it was back to glaring. "Yuki, try to be nice to the Master Chief."

"But look at what he did to you for going easy on him!" the amber haired girl retorted. Her voice sounded as though she'd already given up the argument.

"I told you a hundred times I'm just laying here to keep from having to do my job. I mean-!" Nimori coughed to cover what she'd just said, which was a very poor attempt at hiding it. She looked over to him with a look slight look of fear in her eyes. "You won't tell will you



Chief?"

"Of course he will! Everyone knows he puts military protocol before anything else!" Yuki answered for him when he opened his mouth to speak. He didn't like being interrupted.

"If I'm so bound by military protocol, then why would I agree to fight Nimori?" She stuttered for words but since it was clear that she had no answer Master Chief turned his attention to Nimori. "I won't tell anyone. Consider this little respite a favor from me." Seeing her face light up like it did was more satisfying than it should've been.

"Awâ€¦ how touching! First you take care of me until the med team arrives and now you're doing favors!" Nimori's comments were revealing things that the Spartan had been trained to hide from himself. "Who knew you'd be such a sweetheart?"

"You. Outside. Now." Despite the fact that Yuki had no authority to order him around, the super soldier had decided that he wasn't comfortable around Nimori anymore. Saying he would be back to check on her soon, he left Nimori's bedside and followed Yuki out into the hall.

"What do you want girl?" he asked sharply once they were outside.

"I wanna know what you're trying to do to my best friend," she responded firmly as she crossed her arms beneath her breasts and glared up at him.

"I'm trying to get her to leave me alone," the Chief answered simply. Yuki scoffed and shifted her weight to one leg.

"And that's why you came to see her in the infirmary?" This girl was pissed for some reason, but Master Chief couldn't figure out what it was. Then he remembered something that Johnson had said, and carefully thought over his next statement.

"She looked like she was hurt pretty bad when I last saw her. I wanted to make sure that I hadn't killed her." He kept his voice calm so as not to upset the girl.

"After all the killing you've done, you come back to check on someone who might be dead?" Yuki asked cynically. This girl's persistence was starting to get on the Chief's nerves.

"I like to be thorough." That shattered her 'I'm gonna kick your ass' posture. The sadistic smile was just to seal the deal.

"Okay, but don't try anything funny." The Chief found himself laughing despite everything. This girl was truly defensive. It seemed Johnson had been right about that.

With that they both headed back in to find Nimori walking around somewhat unsteadily. Yuki was by her side in a flash, trying to gently force her back to the bed. Nimori showed she was still strong though, easily fending off her girlfriend. Sighing, Chief took the matter into his own hands. He tried to pick her up, but she fought against him with a lot more energy than he'd thought she had. After taking a step back to massage a freshly punched jaw, Chief stepped in

more strongly this time. She was scooped up into his arms this time, fighting to get free for just a moment before becoming eerily peaceful in his arms. Suddenly she seemed to weigh a ton.

After the (mile long) walk back to the bed, Chief laid her back down.

"Don't do that anymore. You'd better save your strength if you're planning on making it all the way to my quarters to have dinner," he joked lightly. Not surprisingly, her smile grew at the comment.

"I'll try, but it's just so boring laying here all alone," there was a glint in her eye but she looked away as Yuki found her seat once more. "Do you ever get bored Chief?"

He started to say 'Of course,' but then he realized he never had had to worry about recreation.

"Not necessarily. I feel like I need to do something, but it doesn't bother me," he answered after a moment.

"I see!" Her tone said that that wasn't the answer she was looking for. What'd she want him to say? He only answered the question she asked him. Then another of Johnson's teachings came to him. He'd said to look for hints, but what was that supposed to mean? Why was he worrying about it? Argh!!

"Is there anything you want me to do?" And he immediately wished he had it back. That did not come out right.

The teenager's head spun around and her eyes locked to his. There was a new look in her eyes. Not the naïve happiness that was there before, but a more "pleased" look.

"I do have one thing in mind," she answered with a devious look on her face. "The leg I slammed into the floor during our playtime is a little sore. Could you massage it for me?"

The Chief's jaw hit the floor with a thud. How's that possible? Then he realized the thud was Yuki falling out of her chair. She began screaming something at Nimori in Japanese, but the injured teen remained calm with a satisfied smirk on her face. Eventually she managed to calm Yuki, though the amber haired girl still looked angered when she left.

Then she poked her head back in and directed something that sounded angry at the Chief in Japanese.

"The Chief doesn't speak Japanese sweetie," Nimori said pleasantly to her friend.

"Don't try anything Spartan. I'm just going outside this curtain," she managed to say in English this time. He nodded to her seriously, but she took it as sarcasm and huffed before going back outside the curtain.

"There should be some lotion beneath the bed," Nimori informed him as he sat there rather cluelessly. He lifted the sheet and grabbed the lotion from the lower platform of the bed.

"Where do you need it?" he said unsteadily. She smiled at him like a mother smiles at her child learning to walk. Then she pulled the sheets back and lifted her gown much higher than he decided was necessary, revealing the light golden skin of her legs all the way up to her hip. The Spartan found his chest very tight at such a beautiful sight.

"My calf hurts a bit. That'd be a good place to start." He didn't like the way that sounded. Or how quickly his hands moved to touch that smooth skin. But as his hands began working the lotion into her muscles, he couldn't deny that this was the most enjoyable thing he'd ever done. As his fingers pressed small patterns in the girl's leg, he could feel her relax. After he'd gotten a little more comfortable, he was able to concentrate and actually use the little bit of a massage he'd learned.

"Mmâ€¦ higherâ€¦" When the pleased moan first escaped her lips, the Chief didn't believe she'd said that, so he kept right on with her calf. That is, until she shoved her leg through his grip so that he had to go higher. He massaged around her knee for a bit, once more feeling tension drain from the teenager's body.

"Ahâ€¦. a little higher nowâ€¦" she said more clearly this time, but that still didn't keep the Chief from hesitating. His hands slid up to her thigh, keeping very near the top of her knee so as not to go â€¦ too high. But he wanted to go higher. He wanted to cover every inch of her body with his hands, and if it wasn't for his strict self control he may have done it. Her moans were piercing to something that lay dormant inside him, and her choppy breaths weren't helping. If she didn't decide enough was enough soon then he would-

"Oh yesâ€¦ higherâ€¦ higher!" The girl was totally out of control now. Her body writhed as the same primal desires that tormented the Master Chief attacked her. Though in her case, they seemed to be winning. His hands slid up a bit, but he realized he would do something he'd regret if he went any higher. He'd done all he would.

"Yuki! Get in here!" The girl was inside the room in a flash. "You wanna take over for me?" She looked at him incredulously before gingerly taking his place.

"Awâ€¦ you leaving already?" Nimori said sadly. She must've really been disappointed as she didn't give him that smile he'd grown to like. "But you were doing so well."

"There was something Johnson wanted to talk about and I've already delayed him once," Chief responded. She flashed her smile at him and he found himself smiling back.

"Okay. Lean down a little closer." He did. She brought her small hand up, gently caressing his face. There was a faint urge to lean into her hand, but he figured it was just to resist the pressure and ignored it. "Yep. It's official. You're ugly."

He was shocked, to say the least, but it didn't bother him. Most of the females on the ship practically threw themselves at him, but this was the one that saw him some other way. Maybe that was whyâ€¦ \_okay Chief, don't go there.\_

"Hmph. What am I gonna do with good looks?" he questioned. She laughed and squeezed his nose. She sounded, and acted, like a child, but oh! her laughter was a sweet sound.

"You've got a point. Now go away before you scare away \_my\_ good looks!" she said as she pushed his face away.

"I might come back to check on you later. And thanks for the help Yuki. It was nice to meet you." Nimori's friend was left shocked as Chief headed out.

\_See John? I told you! You're a horny old bastard!\_ The voice taunted him once more.

#### 4. Something More

Disclaimer: Yepâ€¦ I'm still not in ownership of Halo. Hasn't changed. Probably won't, but better to be safe and say it every chapter right?

\_Reviews:\_

\_Nid- Alright, thanks for the review nid. Just to clear up a few things, the Chief is close to 43 during the games and since this takes place during the following peace, there's not much to do about him being 50+. About the teenager beating up on him, wellâ€¦ that's what the story's going to explain. Hope you understand and thanks for your input.\_

\_Covenant Dancell17- Again, I appreciate every review and all the advice you readers have to offer. I find that I'm being misunderstood. My fault as the writer, but I'm trying to get better. In the meantime, this fic takes place roughly ten years after the end of halo2, which is why MC's in his fifties. Also, Nimori is â€¦ wellâ€¦ her unreal fighting abilites are part of the story so I can't explain why she fights like that just yet. The character I've envisioned her to be is more anime than drawn from the halo universe and that's the same way I wrote the fight earlier. Less realism, more fancy show stuff. Sorry about the mix-up, and thank you once more for you review.\_

#### Chapter 4: Something More

Master Chief steadied his BR55 Battle Rifle against his shoulder, the sleek weapon seeming like a child's toy in the hands of the massive Spartan. He wielded expertly, calming his breathing and even slowing his heart rate to aid his aim. The sights settled down and with a gentle squeeze of the triggerâ€¦ three 7.62mm rounds pierced the middle of the target, nearly going through the same hole. While most soldiers would've just dropped their rifle and admire their handiwork, the Chief kept on the target until his ammo ran out.

Letting his body relax, the Chief removed the magazine and placed both it and the rifle on the table in front of him. He loved that gun, both aesthetically pleasing and unparalleled in effectiveness. The sharp stacatto of the three round burst soothed his mind and the kick of the weapon felt as good as a massage.

"Massage" The word seemed to have taken on a whole new meaning since his experience with Nimori in the infirmary. What was with her? She was far too young and he was too old. Surely she realized that, so why play this game?

"Chief! What're you doing here?" Sergeant Johnson demanded as he strode up to the Spartan. "You should be getting ready for your appointment." The Spartan spared the man a dry look but his expression softened when he noticed the slip was unintentional.

"I agreed to this 'meeting' of her's to help her get better. I needed to get rid of some tension so I came to squeeze off a couple rounds," the Chief explained patiently.

"Don't you forget what I taught you son," Johnson ordered as he pointed an authoritative finger at the Spartan. "Or you'll find yourself married with kids before you know it!"

The Chief winced. The idea of marriage wasn't just foreign to him, it was hated. He'd always felt that way and he still did.

"How could I forget?" was all he said as he gathered his rifle and placed it in his bag. "I'm retiring for the night. Sergeant." He saluted and the black man returned the gesture with a somewhat angered look. Like a parent knowing their child was about to go do something they were told not to. Master Chief ignored it as he left the firing range.

Once he was back in his room, he put his weapons away carefully and stripped down to his shorts before laying down for his nap. People generally told him that he was at the age now where he had to take a nap at some point during the day. He never felt he needed it, but this time he decided he would need rest for the upcoming encounter.

"Come on One-One-Seven. Pull yourself together. It's a little girl!" he said to himself. The girl just wanted dinner and probably wouldn't be able to make it anyway, yet he was acting as though he was about to wrestle a Brute with one arm behind his back. Of course, he'd said "It's a little girl," when he went to 'spar' with her. That hadn't gone as it should have with 'just a little girl'.

Pushing the thoughts away for another time, he closed his eyes and relaxed his body. The sweet sound of gunfire filled his mind as the tension drained out of him. Feeling a good deal more comfortable with an imaginary battle around him, the aging soldier fell into a light sleep.

His mind still remained somewhat active as it kept track of the world around him. Stray thoughts penetrated this normally detached piece of mind. Thoughts of the fight earlier, of that smile that was doing a number on his cold heart, of her. He began to catch pieces of his dreams, of her, and tried to get rid of them. In so doing, he ended up immersing himself in the dream and thus slept much deeper than usual.

He was awoken by the feel of something covering his face. His instincts kicked in as he immediately seized the wrists then pushed his 'attacker' back as he rolled from the bed. The would be aggressor

was pinned beneath the Spartan, hands pushed to the floor on either side of the head. For a moment, the super soldier stayed there and tried to gather his wits. Going on pure instinct \_always\_ got him into trouble if he went for too long on them.

"Do you mind Chief? You're \_really\_ heavy!" a familiar young female voice met his ears, sounding strained.

The sound of this girl's voice snapped him to reality and he found himself in a compromising position on top of Nimori. Quickly, but not so fast that he showed how scared he was, he climbed off of her and helped her up.

"Are you feeling okay?" he asked calmly as he looked her over.

"Well, your heavy ass just sat on me and I haven't died, so does that answer your question?" The Chief was a little taken back by her sharp reply. She must've seen it for she gave him that smile again.

"Don't take it too hard. At least it's muscle and not fat." Her eyes moved all about his body. "Very lean, very defined muscle."

It was then he realized that all he was wearing was his shorts. That look in her eyes told him that she had no qualms about going purely on instinct. To head off any regrettable actions, he immediately crossed the small room and pulled a shirt over his body. Her sigh at his covering told him he had done exactly as he intended.

"What were you doing?" he said suspiciously as he turned to face her. She was laying on the floor with her head propped up in one hand and her legs slightly bent. The Chief couldn't help but notice the amazing curvature of her body as she lay stretched out in front of him.

"I dunno," she said innocently. "I like the feel of your face I guess. Though your chest looks a lot better." Master Chief resisted the urge to grab another shirt, instead just adjusting the one he had on. "Too bad you covered it. Of course, there's still plenty to enjoy."

"I thought you were here for dinner." A little uneasily, the Chief sat down on the floor beside her.

"Ah yes." She reached underneath the bed and slid out a couple trays of food. He lifted an eyebrow. "I didn't know how you would react when I woke you, so I figured it would be safest if it was somewhere you wouldn't be able to thrash at it."

"Beneath my bed?" he said wryly. She nodded, flashing a childish smile this time. "Okay. So I guess we already established that you're feeling better." He took one of the trays and started on his piece of meat that probably represented steak.

"Never better." She looked across at him. "Hey, slow down! Don't you know how to eat in front of a lady?" He'd already finished his 'steak' and was halfway through the mush that represented mashed potatoes. He spared her a mordant glance.

"A lady? Girl, you're young enough to be my daughter," he pointed out

before finishing his mush. She sputtered on a bit when he got back into his food, but eventually just turned her attention to her own plate.

"So Chief, what'd you think of my fighting?" she asked as she delicately cut a piece of 'steak'.

"You're a lot stronger and faster than any human I've fought before," he answered once he downed his drink. "But you don't have the experience to really use that." She laughed softly and he looked to her to find that she was just gazing quietly at him. A quick glance at her plate showed that she hadn't taken a single bite.

"Oh if you only knew what you were dealing with!" There was that woman's voice again. Her features somehow seemed more mature now than there were just a few minutes ago.

"What do you mean?" he snapped. The sharpness in his voice wasn't quite intended, but he really didn't care too much. This girl "woman" was up to something and he didn't like it one bit.

"You'll see." His eyes narrowed and she responded by dropping her gaze to her tray. "A girl can't reveal all her secrets now can she?"

"I'm not someone you want to play games with Nagase," the Chief said coldly.

"What? You don't like my game?" she giggled as she met his eyes once more. "But you're doing so good! I can't manipulate your actions, but I imagine I've thrown your mind for a quite a loop." His fist clenched, the muffled ringing of his metallic joints popping audible in the quiet room.

"I don't know who you are, but it's time for you to leave," he growled darkly. Her gaze met his death glare without even the slightest flinch. This woman was definitely more than she seemed.

"Oh! Have I angered you Chief?" she said worriedly. The look in her eyes was as passive as her voice after a moment, but they still held the Chief's glare. "I'm sorry! Please, I'm not trying to do anything bad!" she reached over the plates and put a hand on his. He snatched his hand back immediately. She held her face in her hands and looked as though she were beginning to cry.

"Hrmph." Why was her crying affecting him? He felt as though he should apologize or something, but he didn't know what to do. It bothered him that he cared enough in the first place, but that he wanted to do something about her sadness? After a moment, something Johnson told him came to mind. The older man's teachings were starting to come in handy.

He circled around the trays and wrapped her in his arms. She let out a startled gasp and tensed, but relaxed quickly and laid her head against his chest.

"Who are you?" he asked gently, but in a way that brooked no nonsense. She snuggled a little closer to him, clearly uncomfortable in answering the question.

"I can't \_tell\_ you. I can only show you," she answered after a long pause.

"You don't truly know someone until you fight them," Master Chief quoted a source he couldn't clearly remember.

The woman in his arms nodded. She squeezed her arms around him before unwrapping herself and standing. He followed suit, though nearly fell again when she leaned into him again.

"Umâ€¦ let's go to the gym thenâ€¦" he said shakily. Nimori looked up at him, appearing to be a child looking up at a parent rather than â€¦ whatever relationship they had right then. There was a â€¦ lookâ€¦ in her face as her dark brown eyes locked his. Then she tried to destroy his composure with her magnificent smile.

"Yes, let's."

A/N: Okay, not what I wanted to happen, but this chapter started getting longer than I wanted so I'll just make the next chapter what I want. I hope you're enjoying things so far, and before you tell me all the things I got wrong in the halo universe, keep in mind that I'm not aiming for the story to be 'halo accurate'. All I need is the Master Chief and his Spartan bad-assness. This is kind of a literary version of a halo anime with a little twist from me.

I started this fic as just a hyper 'what if' kind of one shot and only just now thought of making it deeper. I'll explain everything in time, but for now, I ask that you try to enjoy the fic and give me constructive criticism to help me write better. I appreciate every hit and every review, so please don't think I'll just turn your info away. I promise I'll reveal some of Nimori's secrets soon, that way the reader understands more of what's going on.

End  
file.